

# THE PASCAGOULA DEMOCRAT-STAR.

BY P. K. MAYERS & M. B. RICHMOND.

"PEACE, GOOD WILL AND PROSPERITY TO ALL MANKIND."

TERMS—\$2.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

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No. 22.

## PROFESSIONAL.

**Dr. D. C. Case,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Having permanently located at Ocean Springs offers his professional services to the people of the town and surrounding country. Thirty years extensive experience in the valley of the Mississippi and in the city of New Orleans, enables him to offer his professional services as consulting physician to the members of the fraternity who are practicing at the town along the coast.

**H. Bloomfield,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Hudson, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention paid to all collections of claims. References—Hon. W. G. Henderson, Hudson, Miss., and Hon. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City.

**A. M. Dahlgren,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
OFFICE AT

Bilori and Beauvoir, Harrison Co., Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims. References—Gen. Jos. R. Davis, Hudson, Miss.; Hon. Roderick Seal, Mississippi City; Maj. W. T. Walthall, Beauvoir; and W. A. Champlin, Pass Christian, and others.

**J. J. Harry, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Ocean Springs, Miss.

Offers his professional services to the citizens of Ocean Springs and surrounding country. Office—Opposite the Methodist Church.

**W. A. Champlin, ELLIOTT HENDERSON,**  
Champlin & Henderson,  
ATTORNEYS & COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Pass Christian, Miss.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**R. Seal,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Mississippi City, Miss.

Practices in all the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**C. H. Wood,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Mass Point, Miss.

Practices in the Courts of Jackson, Harrison, Hancock, Perry and Greene.

**J. P. Carter,**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Augusta, Perry County, Miss.

Will practice in the Courts of the Seventh Judicial District.

**Dr. A. K. Northrop,**  
DENTAL SURGEON,  
Office at Pass Christian, Miss.

Will visit all points upon the Coast, giving notice whenever he moves, at present at the Sea-shore.

**S. Moore, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Pascagoula, Miss.

Office and residence near the Seashore Hotel, residences and post-office.

**F. N. Blount, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Respectfully tenders his services to the citizens of Pascagoula, Scranton and Moss Point.

Office—On Pascagoula street, opposite the railroad crossing, Scranton. Hours—10 A. M. to 2 P. M., and 5 to 7 P. M. Residence at the Sea-shore.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**JOSEPH KOTZUM,**  
MACHINIST,  
OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS.

He will repair all kinds of Fire-arms, Sewing Machines, and general Blacksmith work done on short notice.

Also pays the highest cash prices for WOOL, BEEF, HIDE, FEES, IRON, BRASS, COPPER, LEAD, ZINC, AND OLD IRON.

Has on hand Cook Stoves, which he will sell at New Orleans prices. 5-6m

**DENTISTRY.**  
**Dr. C. Chidsey** has resumed the practice of DENTISTRY in all the branches. Particular attention paid to the inserting of ARTIFICIAL TEETH, from one to a full set.

May 24, 1878. 9-3m

**JOHN V. TOULME & SONS,**  
Bay St. Louis, Miss.,  
Tanners and Manufacturers  
OF  
BOOTS, SHOES and HARNESS.

Orders solicited and promptly filled. Entire satisfaction guaranteed. 6-1y

**CRESCENT HOTEL.**  
(Front Street, near the Railroad.)  
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi.  
W. B. LIST, Proprietor.

Having leased the above well-known popular Hotel, and having renovated and refitted it, it is now open for the reception of boarders. No pains will be spared to satisfy all who patronize this Hotel. The beautiful grounds, the comfortable and hand-some cottages attached make this Hotel peculiarly desirable. Prices away down.

May 3, 1878. 6-6m

**Meridian**  
**FEMALE COLLEGE.**

This institution is healthfully located at MERIDIAN, MISS., and is accessible from all points. Terms per session of five months, including English, Mathematics, Latin, French, Washington, fuel, light, bedding and books, \$10. Music and drawing will be extra.

Full corps of competent ladies will assist the President during the next term of two months. The session just closed was one of great prosperity. The number of pupils enrolled was 125.

For further particulars send for catalogue. J. S. 15-3m

C. M. GORDON, President.

## THE COURTS.

REGULAR TERMS.

**CIRCUIT COURT—SEVENTH DISTRICT.**  
JAMES S. HARRIS, Judge.  
THOMAS S. FORD, District Attorney.

In the county of Lauderdale on the second Monday of February and August, and continue eighteen days.

In the county of Kemper, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Clarke, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Wayne, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Jackson, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the third Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the first Monday after the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Marion, on the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the third Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

**CHANCERY COURT—7TH DISTRICT.**  
GEORGE WOOD, Chancellor.

In the county of Jackson, on the first Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Harrison, on the second Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Hancock, on the third Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Pearl, on the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Marion, on the first Monday of April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Perry, on the first Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Greene, on the second Monday in April and October, and continue six days.

In the county of Wayne, on the fourth Monday after the fourth Monday of March and September, and continue six days.

In the county of Clarke, on the first Monday in May and November, and continue six days.

In the county of Lauderdale, on the second Monday of May and November, and continue twelve days.

In the county of Kemper, on the fourth Monday of May and November, and continue six days.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**  
**RED STORE**  
AT  
Pass Christian Miss.

**LARGEST ASSORTMENT**  
AND CHEAPEST PRICES ON THE  
**SEA COAST.**

Having moved into our new and commodious State with the **Largest and Best** selected stock of

**DRY GOODS,**  
**Notions, Clothing,**  
**Saddlery, Shoes, Hats,**  
**WILLOW & WOODENWARE,**  
**Hardware, Tinware, and Cutlery,**  
**COOK STOVES**  
At New Orleans Prices.

**Family Groceries**

The Red Store will pay the Cash for Cotton, Wool, Hides, Tallow, Beeswax, etc., and if our prices for goods are not lower than they can be had elsewhere, we do not ask any one to buy of us.

Come and see for yourselves.

**We have no branch store.**

Try  
**JORDY'S RED STORE.**  
May 31, 1878. 10-1y

**BOOK AND JOB**  
**PRINTING**  
Executed at This Office.

## Sunday Appeal.

OUT OF WORK—OUT OF HOME.

BY J. W. MORGAN.

Well, sheriff, I confess I owe the man, And yet I only bought to that extent Which I had reason to believe I'd pay.

It is a chance with us, I know, who work, Day in and out, with but a slender hold Upon the fountain of our revenue;

Yet I'd have paid, to the last cent, my debt; Had Providence bequeathed me place to lift

My willing arm in honest occupation. I were a brute, indeed, were I to shirk

The only source of recompense I have To get the substance for my humble board.

God knows I've striven hard to ward away The wolf of hunger from my little fold.

Could I look down, indifferent, and see My poor, worn wife, with patient, anxious sigh,

Bend o'er the cradle of our youngest one, Choke back the sobs to him the lullaby,

And soothe the wee thing's fretting soul to rest? Could I look o'er the darkening room at night,

And see my family group sit down to tea Thankful—yes for the plainest food that stayed

The withering tongue of hunger for the while— See my poor, half-fed children take their crust

And eat, with eager relish, the scant crumbs, And yet let fall this arm in nerveless and

Impassive idleness? Alas! heaven knows It is not that. There is no work for me.

Whose fault? God knows! I charge it unto none; All that I know, I get it not. It is

Enough for me to know it is. Come here, My wife and children. Stand by me and wait.

Now, sheriff, make your list. See yonder bed? No gaudy canopy looks down and smiles

Luxuriant welcome and becalmed repose Upon the humble pillows underneath;

No graceful drapery or damask screen Shuts off the hollow meanness of the room;

But it has served us well these many years, And oft upon its soothing breast I've lain,

And dreamt away the struggles of the day, Let it come first, since in its loss we lose

Our dearest friend—for who is dearer than The friend who softens, though he cannot cure?

And after that 'twere easier with the rest, Perhaps 'twill give the man I owe a shade

More bitter for his bread, a grade or two The finer sugar for his tea, a brand

More choice of rare old wine, or haply put A point or so more lace upon the skirts

Of his proud dame. Let's see, the chairs—oh, yes!

They'll fetch enough to buy his boy a top. The bureau and the stand, not much, but then

Enough, perhaps, to get his girl a doll. The rest? Indeed, I think if auctioned well

Will pay thy fee, good sheriff—it is all. Fling out thy flag and call the concourse up.

Not much to bid, the sale is over soon— So soon the people will not know the cause,

Or dream what ruin its near effect may be, Nor one in listening to the auction-bell Mark that it tolls the funeral of a home.

And we—come here, my wife and children, come; We'll go. If there are any trinkets left—

Unsaleable—some trinkets, haply—go! Gather them up and come. It is a sad, Sad day for us, Oh, God! Thine next! Thine next!

**JOURNALISTIC ORATORY.**  
NO MORE WAR FOR US.

"We are not going into any more war with you fellows. If we had known how confounded numerous your were—what vast resources you had—what a nation of git up and gitters you are—we should never have been guilty of the absurdity of trying to whip you in the first place. Now that we have seen for ourselves, and gotten some sort of an idea of the magnitude of the job of cleaning you out, we consider that another war on our side would be preposterous and ridiculous, and we are for peace."

"Yes, fellow-citizens of Buffalo, we are here in the interest of peace—God-like peace. In the glowing language of the inspired Psalmist: 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.' We believe in peace. We are quite ready to be harmonized. And I am glad to be able to say that everywhere we have been met a cordial welcome and kindly greeting. Nobody has made faces at us. We have felt O. K. all the time. The railroads have deeded us and given us the best drawing room cars to sleep in. The hotels have reduced their rates, and some of them didn't have the heart to charge us at all. We have been well fed at your eating institutions where we have stopped. In some places they have wined us and they dined us, rode us out in carriages and showed us the sights, made speeches to us, serenaded us with their brass bands, etc. We have had just a splendid time of it. The ladies (God bless 'em always), have smiled upon us, the men have sometimes even gone to the extent of asking us to take a drink with them. That last is the capstone to the climax of reconciliation. [Hear, hear.] The true road to a Mississippi editor's heart is to invite him to take a drink with you. If that don't harmonize him—if that don't capture him—if that don't bring

sure, and you have not contributed your share to the common fund of enjoyment. Now is your chance for redemption. I know it is in you. Speak."

Slowly and majestically Mr. S. H. Stackhouse, of the Hazlehurst Cyprian, rose to his feet, and when he had finished straightening himself up, he looked a foot taller than usual. And thus he spoke:

"Mr. Manager and Ladies and Gentlemen of Buffalo—"

"Take the stage! Take the stage!" was the refrain which echoed and re-echoed throughout the vast auditorium. The orator ascended to the stage, and, advancing to the foot-lights, he resumed:

"Ladies and Gentlemen and Fellow-Citizens of Buffalo—Our surprise is equalled only by our gratification at this extraordinary and unexpected demonstration. We are struck dumb, and words are nowhere in an emergency like this. You have absolutely silenced us with your kindness, and I will not attempt the impossible task of clothing our feelings in language."

There was a pause here, as if the speaker meant to give it up, but cries of "Go ahead! Go ahead! Tell us all you know!" brought him back to his mutton.

"When the Queen of Sheba," resumed Mr. Stackhouse, "visited old man Solomon's dominions in the olden time—flew over his hills and dales in his lightning railroad trains, sailed over his great lakes in his big steamers, rode upon his keel boats as they plowed his canals, examined critically his farms and machine shops, she finally made her way to his headquarters and formally interviewed the thrifty old autocrat of all the Jews; and in that interview candor constrained her to acknowledge that, although she had heard much of his greatness and magnificence, the half had not been told her. So it is with me, fellow-citizens of Buffalo, in reference to this tremendous country you have got. We have heard a great deal about you. We have heard much concerning your thrift, your push, your genius, enterprise, wealth, progress and irrepressibility."

"But now, since we have traversed a considerable space of your grand domain, we are, like the Queen of Sheba, forced to acknowledge that the half has not been told us."

**PEACEABLE INTENTIONS.**

"Fellow citizens of Buffalo, we assure you that this invasion of our is altogether harmless in its object. We are not spying out the land with any hostile intent. No, we are much obliged to the few blood-shirt gentlemen among you, who, for some inscrutable purpose providence may have in view, are allowed to live and delay the year of jubilee in this American family, but we have heard enough of war—rather too much of it. Our voice is for peace. [Applause.] We are like the little dare-devil boy who played around the heels of a mule, got badly kicked and his face badly mangled. He asked his father if the scars would ever disappear from his face again. 'No, sonny,' replied the sire, 'you will never be pretty again, but you will have a damn sight more sense. [Laughter and applause.]"

**General Treatment of Yellow Fever.**

1. If the patient be taken with fever immediately (one or two hours) after an meal, give a emetic of mustard, salt and warm water, one teaspoonful each of former to tumbler of last.

2. If the patient has eaten more than three hours previously, give a dose of castor oil.

3. If the attack commences with irritable stomach, substitute a dose of calomel and soda for oil, five grains each for children, ten grains each for adults.

4. If the skin is dry, give hot foot baths repeatedly, until perspiration is induced.

5. If the skin is very hot, whether dry or moist, sponge the arms, breast and legs under the covering with whisky and water frequently.

6. The first night of attack give an injection of twenty drops of laudanum or Battley's sedative should there be much restlessness.

7. If the stomach remain irritable apply mustard plaster; if the irritability continues apply fly blister.

8. If the urine is scanty give watermelon seed tea freely—half a teaspoonful every hour. It can be taken ice if preferred.

9. Nothing but warm or cold tea—green or orange leaf—allowed sparingly, with small pellets of ice occasionally or a mouthful of cool water, for the first three days.

10. After the fever has entirely disappeared, chicken broth, beef tea, milk, to be given in small quantities, gradually increasing same as convalescence advances.

11. The patient must not be allowed to sit up for a week, nor take any solid food whatsoever for ten days after the attack.

peace to the land and save the country, nothing else on earth will SECTIONAL AMBITION.

"The people of every section have some pet element of greatness in which they excel all others. Thus you on this side of the oblique line once drawn by Messrs. Mason and Dickson, can beat us on Irish potatoes, but we can get you down on cotton. Furthermore, every profession has a particular hero whom the rest can look up to. For example, we have the champion beer drinker of the Union. We are proud of him, and we brag on him. We are not afraid to put him against any man in the North or South, he has floored the last male member of our party, and now openly defies the world and all Dutchdom in the matter of beer. The mayor of Cincinnati had the temerity to tackle him, but that daring official fell at the fifty-seventh charge, leaving our knight calm and serene, sober as a judge and still thirsty."

[Voices in the crowd, "Where is he? Is he here? Trot him out! Let him rise! We want to see him!"]

"I am sorry, exceedingly sorry," responded Mr. Stackhouse, "that he is not here. Whenever he goes to a city for the first time he considers it his duty to make a grand round of the beer saloons and to take a glass at each. He is now engaged in the performance of that patriotic duty. If he should ever visit your city again he will know where the best beer is kept, and that man who keeps the best beer is to him the cleverest man and greatest patriot. If you want to see him go out to a beer saloon—any one of them—and sit down and wait. He will be certain to come if you only give him time, a reasonable time, to get around in. He is a large hearted man, full of philanthropy, beer and patriotism, broad, jolly and wise, illustrating the truth of the old English philosopher, Tony Veller's axiom, that 'wit and wisdom go together.'"

**A POINTED REFERENCE TO ANCIENT HISTORY.**

"Fellow-citizens of Buffalo, perhaps I have been digressing. Let me come back to the point. It was Sancho Panza who once exclaimed: 'Blessed is the man who invented sleep.' But there is an opening now for a greater genius to rise up in this land. There is a bigger thing than this invention of sleep to be worked out; and I say, thrice blessed is the man who invents a tune that will blend the harmonies of Yankee Doodle, and give us one grand national hymn of Yankee Doodle Dixie. And furthermore, fellow-citizens of Buffalo, I say emphatically, in reference to the old flag, with its stars and stripes, 'Long may it wave over the land of the free and home of the brave.' From this day forth I am a reconstructed individual. I believe in union and fraternity, in the universal Yankee nation and in the universal fitness of things. God bless you."

The eloquent speaker retired under a shower of bouquets and a storm of applause.

**Jerusalem! What a Cat!**

A few evenings ago Alvy Moody was paying a visit to his dulcinea. She had smuggled him into the parlor, and the darkness while served to conceal her blushes while Alvy told the story of his love.

The muttered words reached the parent's ear, and coming suddenly into the room he demanded to know of Mary who it was she had with her.

"It's the cat, sir," was the mumbling reply.

"Drive it out of here," thundered paterfamilias.

"Seat!" screamed Mary; and then, sotto voce.

"Alvy, set up a woeful yell."

"Confound it! bring a light and scare the thing out."

"This was too much, and poor Alvy made a leap for the window, carrying glass and window with him."

"Jerusalem! what a cat!" exclaimed the parent, contemplating the ruin after the light was brought. "I have never seen anything like it. And, confound it! it's tail is made of broadcloth!" as he viewed a fluttering remnant hanging from the window.

Advertising fans raise the mischief, as well as the wind. It is related that on a "beated" Sunday in Philadelphia the other day, the minister was tanning himself vigorously. He did not see, but the congregation did, that the reverse of the fan bore the inscription, "Buy Baggles' Bitters."

Prof. Mouchot, at the Paris exposition, exhibited a sun kitchen, where, by reflectors concentrating the rays of the sun, he can boil water and roast meats in a very short space of time. Curious people will be particularly smitten with the ingenuity of the invention.

**Modern Chemistry.**

By the chemical skill of Dr. Price, we have now for our ices, creams and pastries, the most delicious fruit flavors. Those who wish to make their delicacies enjoyable, will make use of Dr. Price's Flavoring Extracts, on account of their nice flavor and safety.

A little girl of four or five years asked her mother, one day, if she had not seen Col. Porter. "No, my child," was the reply, "he died before you were born."

"Well, but mamma," she insisted, "if he went up before I came down, he must have met."

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher travels with her husband this season as a projector.

## The Printer and his Types.

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood, by intelligent people, than the "art preservative," the achievements of the types.

"Every day, their life long, people are accustomed to read the newspapers and find fault with its statements; its arrangements; its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roguish acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, or the myriads of mills and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and generally think less."

They imagine they discourse of a wonder indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet, woven for thought to walk on the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of ink fingers, that compose the printer's "case," noiseless, except the click of the types; as one by one they take their place in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of art.

We think how many fancies fragments there are in boxes; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he had only a little chart to work by; how many facts in a small "handful;" how much truth in chaos.

How he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanza of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody upon Grimes! "All But-tuned Up Before." Now he sets "Puppy Missing," and now "Paradise Lost;" he arrays a bride in "small caps," and a sonnet in nonpareil; he announces the languishing "five" in one sentence—transposes the word and deplores the days that are few and "evil" in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand, like the clock just running down, and its strain of eloquence matches into line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing by the ear, but perhaps not.

The types that told a wedding yesterday announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps the same letters.

They are the elements to make a world. Those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer and as imperishable as autumn flowers. Trust cannot wilt—fruit that shall ripen for all time.—B. F. Taylor.

**Good Advice.**

William Cullen Bryant wrote thus to a young man who had asked for a criticism upon an article which he had written:

"My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think if you will study the English language you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you have. I always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I attempted to use a foreign word but that, on searching, I have found a better one in my own language."

"Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well. Call a spade by its name, not a well-known instrument of manual labor, let a home be a home and not a residence; a place, not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a shorter word will do, you always loose by a longer one. You lose in clearness; you lose in honest expression of meaning, and in the estimation of all who are capable of judging, you lose reputation."

"The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straightforwardness are."

Truth will never die; the stars will grow dim, the sun will pale his glory, but truth will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, these are all imperishable. No grave can even entomb these immortal principles. They have been in prison, but they have been freer than before; those who of their ashes other witnesses have arisen. No sea can drown, no storm can wreck, no abyss swallow up